



A Western Publishing

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

1977
NOV
1977



Get Your Own

**THE PENSION
MURDER
CASE!**

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified
on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • BOB COLT
MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

68

99

Lash LARUE

and THE PENSION MURDER CASE

POP GAYNES, EX-SHERIFF OF CEDAR PINES, WAS SO WELL LIKED THAT WHEN HE WAS CRIPPLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY, THE TOWNSFOLK SET UP A PENSION FUND THAT PROVIDED HIM WITH A MONTHLY CHECK ON WHICH HE COULD LIVE IN LUXURY! AND ONE OF THE SMALL RANCHERS, BUD PRESCOTT, VOLUNTEERED TO LOOK AFTER HIS NEEDS! BUT WHEN THE EX-SHERIFF SUDDENLY TURNS ON HIS FRIENDS AND REFUSES TO TALK TO THEM, THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LARUE, IS CALLED ON TO SOLVE

THE PENSION MURDER CASE!

ONE DAY, LASH LARUE STOPS AT BUD PRESCOTT'S RANCH HOUSE AND.....

HELLO, POP! I HAD TO PASS ON MY WAY BACK TO THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE, SO THE MAYOR ASKED ME TO DROP OFF YOUR MONTHLY PENSION CHECK! HOW'S EVERYTHING?

WONDERFUL, LASH! WHAT WITH THIS CHECK AND BUD HELPING ME AROUND, I'M LIVING LIKE A KING!

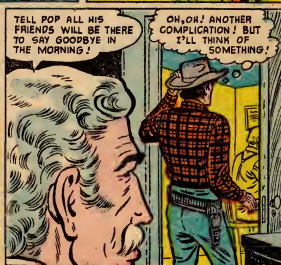
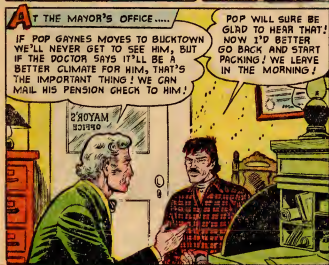
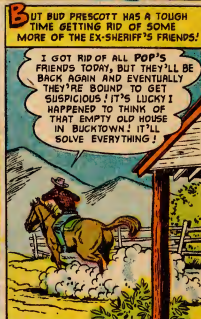
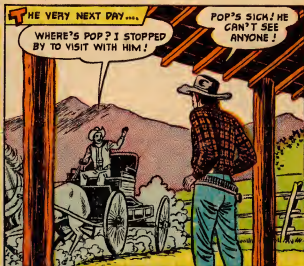
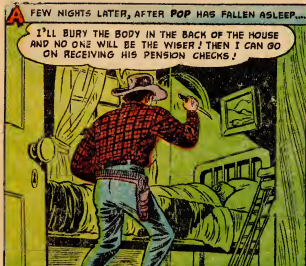


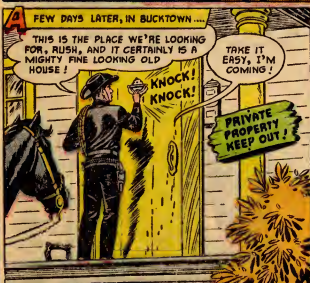
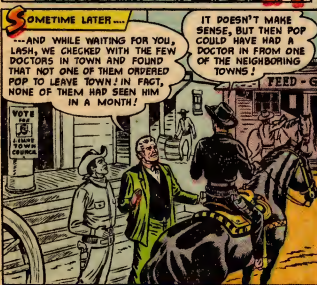
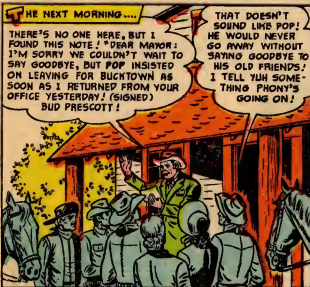
LIVING LIKE A KING, HUH? WELL, YOU'RE SOON GOING TO BE DE-CROWNED! I DIDN'T VOLUNTEER TO LOOK AFTER YUH FER NOTHING!

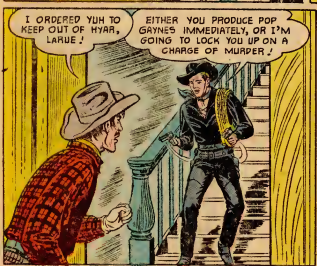
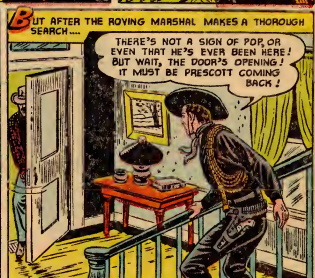
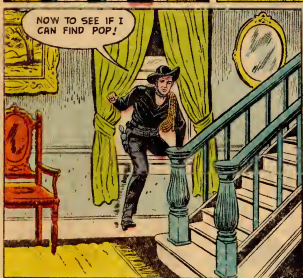
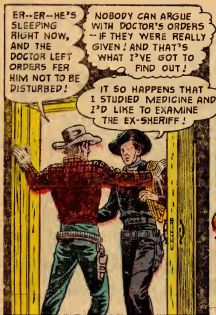
WELL, I'D BETTER BE ON MY WAY! LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH!

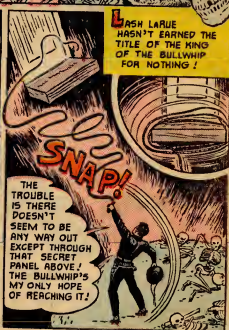


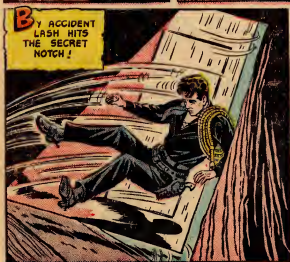
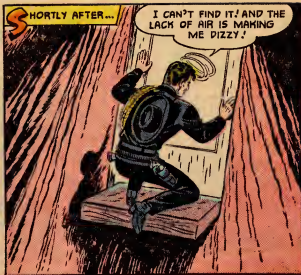
LASH LARUE WESTERN, July, 1951, Vol. 3, No. 18, is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter April 25, 1949, at the post office: Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Louisville, Ky. Copyright 1951 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Editorial and advertising offices, 67 W. 44th St., N. Y. 18, N. Y. Send remittances and letters concerning subscriptions, change of address, etc., to Circulation Dept., Fawcett Pl., Greenwich, Conn. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S., possessions and Canada. Foreign, \$1.70 in international money order. U. S. funds. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in U. S. A.





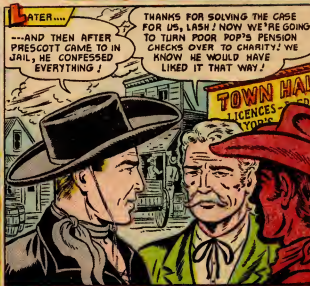








AND WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS IT PROVES THAT, EVEN THOUGH GROGGY, THERE IS NO SHOT IN THE WEST WHO CAN MATCH LASH LARUE!



MOLASSES MOUTH



BLACK CATS



NOW! PRIZE

PICTURE

RINGS



**ONE RING IN EVERY BOX
OF Kellogg's RAISIN BRAN**

No Waiting—No Box Tops!

Pocahontas—
Indian Maiden



INDIANS

Buffalo Bill—
Western Hero



COWBOYS

**16 Different
Pictures!**

**6 Bright
Colors!**

Republic XF91
"Thunderceptor"



Gene Tunney—
Ex-Heavyweight
Champ

SPORT STARS

Shing Bull—
Indian Chief



Douglas DC-6

AIRPLANES

**Wear 'em!
Collect 'em!
Swap 'em!**

Fox-Amazon
Double Deck
Clipper



Wanda Hendrix
—Universal
International! Star

MOVIE STARS

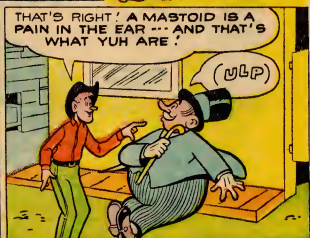
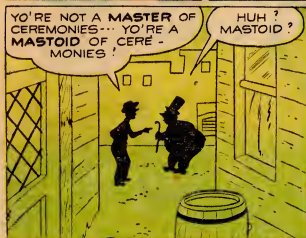
WHAT YOU GET! Open a box of Kellogg's Raisin Bran and get your prize! A bright-colored genuine plastic ring with a picture on top! Pictures of airplanes, cowboys, Indians, sport stars, movie stars! These prize picture rings fit any finger! Most important, you get this double-treat: plump honeycomb raisins, with Kellogg's nourishing golden-crisp flakes!

**Surprise—entirely new series
of prizes coming soon!**

**Kellogg's
RAISIN
BRAN**
CEREAL WITH FRUIT

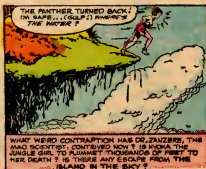


WAGONWHEELS

MASTERMIND!

JUNGLE INTRIGUE! MYSTERY! ADVENTURE!..IN

NYOKA

the **JUNGLE GIRL**
COMIC MAGAZINE


10¢ LOOK FOR EACH EXCITING ISSUE ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

the "POPSICLE" TWINS ON THE RANGE

TESS AND TIM TRAP CATTLE RUSTLERS

...AND I SHOWED TIM--
DAD HOW THIS "POPSICLE"
CODE-O-GRAPH WORKS, TOO--

TIM--
COULD
THOSE MEN
BE CATTLE
RUSTLERS?

FOUND 'EM
WATCHING US,
BOSS

WE'LL
HOLD 'EM FOR
RANSOM IN
THE OLD MINE

...AND TELL YOUR
PA TO LEAVE THE
MONEY UNDER
WHISTLING ROCK

I'M WRITING
BETWEEN THE
LINES WITH MY
SECRET INK

SMART WORK,
TIM, USING YOUR
CODE-O-GRAPH
INK!

IT'S JAIL
FOR THESE
HOMBRES!

THAT
WAS AN
EXCITING
ROUND-UP,
KIDS!

THERE'S ALWAYS
A ROUND-UP OF
EXCITING
GIFTS IN THE
"POPSICLE"
GIFT LIST!

GET SWELL GIFTS--SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

...or buy "one-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"

#145 CODE-O-GRAPH
Secret Service kit with
invisible ink
and
alphabet
codes. For
secret mes-
sages. Be a
Jr. G-Man. Hours of fun.
70 BAGS or 15¢ & 10 BAGS

**#84 SUPER STAMP
PACKET**
Prize mixture
of 200 world
stamps, con-
taining largest
stamp in the
world. An
excellent
collection.
50 BAGS or 10¢ & 10 BAGS

#5 SNAKE CHARMER RING
3 coiled snakes each with
glowing eyes. A lucky
charm that fits any finger.
50 BAGS or 15¢ & 10 BAGS

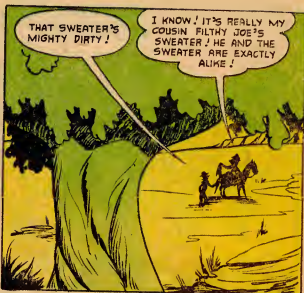
**GET THESE VALUABLE GIFTS
and many more...ask for
GIANT GIFT LIST--FREE**
at your Joe Crown Store
or write to
"POPSICLE PETE"
at address nearest you

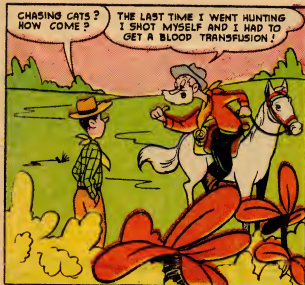
Address: **"POPSICLE PETE"**
Dept. 11--P.O. Box 478
New York 46, N.Y.
2744 Ford 71 St., Los Angeles 10, Cal.
313 N. Highland Ave., N.E., Atlanta, Ga.

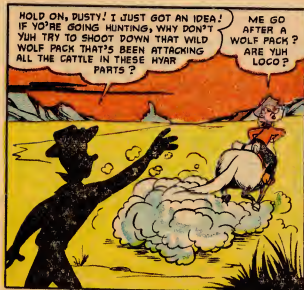
POPSICLE
FUDGSICLE
CREAMSICLE
DREAMSICLE

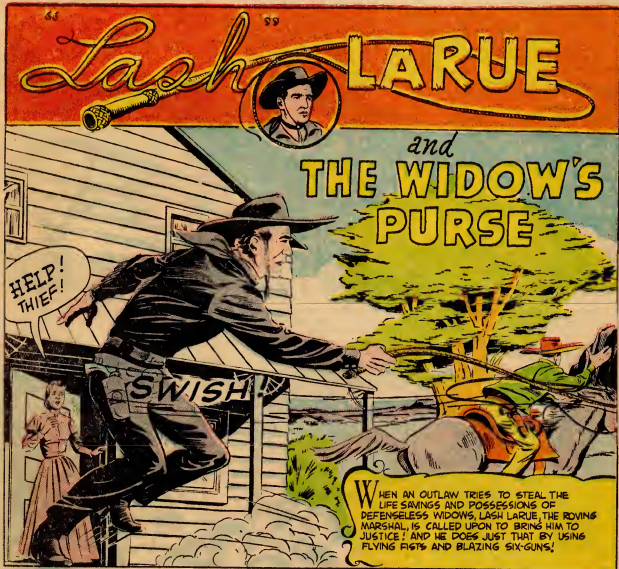
"POPSICLE PETE", "POPSICLE", "FUDGSICLE", "CREAMSICLE", AND "DREAMSICLE" are registered trade marks of the JOE LOWE CORPORATION, N. Y. 1, N. Y.
This offer is limited to the U. S. and possessions, and is void and not extended in any locality where redemption or issuance thereof is prohibited, or where any tax
license, or other restriction is imposed upon redemption or issuance. Any of the above premiums may be discontinued without notice.











LASH, YOU CAN SEE SOMEONE IS CARRYING ON A TERRIFIC RACKET! A WIDOW MIGHT BE AFRAID TO OPEN A DOOR FOR A STRANGE SALESMAN, BUT NOT FOR A SALESLADY!

TULSA, GOPHER GULCH AND PINE BUSH! THE WAY THEY'RE WORKING, I'D SAY THEIR NEXT STOP SHOULD BE PRAIRIE JUNCTION!

AND ROBS KIDNAPED WIDOW - VICTIM POSITIVE SHE DIDN'T LEAVE IT OPEN - UNLESS SALESLADY DID WHEN SHE STOPPED THERE THAT AFTERNOON!

WIDOW ROBBED OF ALL HER BELONGINGS, ONLY STRANGE PERSON IN HOUSE IN A WEEK, SHE CLAIMS WAS A TRAVELING SALESLADY.

CITY BLADE
WIDOW ROBBED
SALESLADY WENT
OPEN

ZETTE

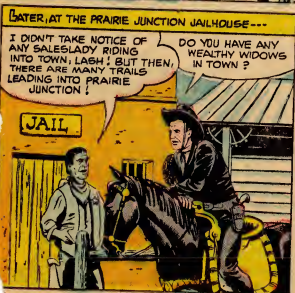
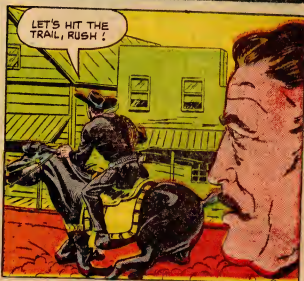
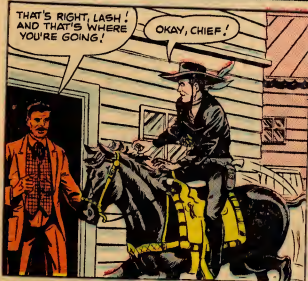
GOPHER GULCH COURIER

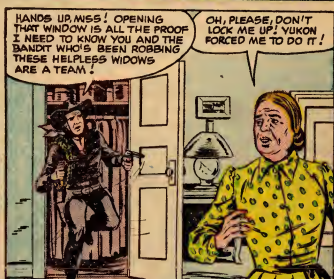
WIDOW BUYS POTS AND PANS FROM SALESLADY AND FORGETS TO LOCK DOOR. RESULTS -- HOUSE PICKED CLEAN BY BANDIT THAT NIGHT!

STAR

PINE BUSH WEEKLY

SALESLADY FORGETS TO LOCK DOOR ON WAY OUT OF WIDOW'S BOARDING-HOUSE AND OUTLAW CLEANS OUT SAFE





SHORTLY AFTER ---

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION? THERE'S A LOT OF QUICKSAND AROUND HERE!

I'M POSITIVE! YUKON PICKED THIS PLACE FOR HIS HIDE-OUT BECAUSE HE FIGURED THE QUICKSAND WOULD KEEP EVERYONE AWAY!

FROM HYAR ON, WE'D BETTER GO BY FOOT!

LEAD THE WAY, I'LL FOLLOW!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I'M AFRAID ALL THIS EXCITEMENT'S BEEN TOO MUCH FOR ME! I --- OH!

SHE'S FAINTED! I'D BETTER FIND SOME WATER TO BRING HER TO!

SUDDENLY ---

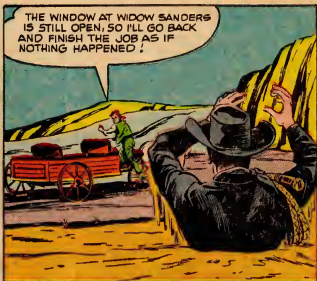
BAM!

BEFORE THE GROOGY LASH CAN REGAIN HIS BALANCE ---

WHAM!

THE QUICKSAND WILL TAKE CARE OF YUH!

PLOP!

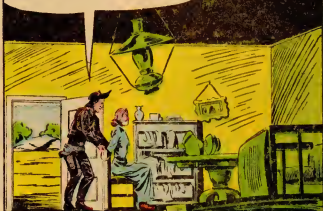


LET'S HIT THE TRAIL BACK TO WIDOW SANDERS' PLACE!



WHEN THE ROVING MARSHAL ARRIVES THERE---

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MOMENT, MRS. SANDERS! I WAS TOO LATE TO STOP YUKON HERE, BUT I'LL CATCH UP TO HIM!



THE NEXT TOWN IS CIDERVILLE! THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADING, RUSH! HIT THE TRAIL!



SOON, IN CIDERVILLE---

WIDOW SUMMERS IS THE RICHEST WIDOW IN TOWN, BUT WHY DO YOU ASK, STRANGER?

I'VE GOT A MESSAGE FOR HER!



LATER, AT WIDOW SUMMERS---

BEFORE I TRY TO SELL YOU SOME POTS AND PANS, WIDOW SUMMERS, I WONDER IF I COULD TROUBLE YUH FER A GLASS OF WATER?

IT'D BE NO TROUBLE! I HAVE SOME WATER RIGHT HERE!



ER--ER--I'D LIKE SOME FRESH WATER FROM THE PUMP!

YOU'RE MIGHTY PARTICULAR CONSIDERING--



---YOU'RE NOT THIRSTY!



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE

Star of Western Adventures Productions, is coming soon in KING OF THE BULLWHIP! Watch for it at your local theatre

LASH LaRUE is currently playing at your favorite movie house in:

- ★ THE THUNDERING TRAIL
- ★ VANISHING OUTPOST
- ★ DEAD MAN'S GOLD

- ★ MARK OF THE LASH
- ★ FRONTIER REVENGE
- ★ SON OF A BAD MAN

Watch for the Lash LaRue Television Show: TALES OF FAMOUS OUTLAWS!



SLAYER AT SUNDOWN

By Westbrook Wilson



IT WAS nearing sundown as Dusty Pike rode through the pass and headed onto the lonely trail that led toward Twin Forks. He was weary from long hours in the saddle, and his mount was moving with the leaden strides of a very tired pony.

"I've a notion to flop off right here and bed down for the night in those pine needles. How do you feel about it, boy?" A man who talks to himself is crazy, but a man who talks to his horse is only doing what comes naturally.

The animal snorted and came to a halt. He didn't understand the words, but he had a feeling from the tone of voice that maybe they were going to rest now and he was all for it. The rider was no longer urging him on and on and on.

Before dismounting, Dusty gave the landscape a sweeping glance in the manner of a trail-wise man. Many dangers could lurk in these lonely hills and it was always smart to see everything before separating yourself from your cayuse.

His head turned slowly, then his glance was arrested. He gazed in awe and wonderment and recognition. The setting sun was tinting the peaks of the distant mountains in myriad colors that were dazzlingly beautiful. He swelled his chest as if to breathe in the spectacle. For six months he had been away in the vast, alkalai plains back yonder; for six months he had missed the glory of the sunset in the Twin Forks country; and in those six months he had almost forgotten what it was like.

As if by a miracle, new life flowed through his veins and his tired feeling vanished. This was his homeland, where he had been born and reared. He would ride on the last few miles into Twin Forks, he would see Ma and Pa and Jake and Ned and Sheriff Barley and all his other old friends. He knew now that the happy reunion just couldn't wait till morning.

"Get a-movin', boy!" he cried, and the excitement of his voice worked liked magic to put new life in the tired horse, too. They moved steadily forward, and as they drew

nearer and nearer to Twin Forks, Dusty saw more and more familiar landmarks. They were signs that he was going to be "home" again and his heart overflowed with joy.

He had perhaps a half-mile more to cover when, in the fading twilight, he spotted the white paper tacked to a tree.

Dusty chuckled.

"Sheriff Barley's been out this way," he thought, "puttin' up one of his dodgers. Wonder who's wanted now, and for what?"

Curiosity caused him to halt before the handbill. He read:

WANTED
William "Dusty" Pike
FOR MURDER

In the darkness, Dusty crept stealthily toward the shack that loomed like a mass of black in the clearing just ahead. As he had figured, Ned Gunder wasn't home, which was just as well.

Dusty had known Ned as long as he could remember, and Ned was a creature of habit. Ned, a trapper, worked diligently by day. And every night he went into town to play poker with the boys. That was habit. Another habit Ned had was saving everything, including his weekly newspaper, *The Clarion*. This was what Dusty was counting on now.

At first, the shock of seeing his own name on a poster as **WANTED FOR MURDER** had almost paralyzed Dusty. He had gazed dumbly at the dodger until the fading sun made it impossible for him to read any more. He had speculated. Hoped. Perhaps there was another man in the territory with the identical name of William Dusty Pike. That was a possibility, but he had to be sure. Once his mind cleared from the stunning shock, he took the action that seemed best. He headed for Ned's shack and a look at old copies of *The Clarion*.

The door was unlocked and the pile of newspapers was there. Dusty lighted the oil lamp and set it on the rough hewn table. He placed a pile of newspapers on the table and sat facing the only window in the full light of the lamp.

The chance of discovery was nil, he felt. Nobody would be around in this woods at night.

Feverishly he scanned the papers until he found what he sought. It was shocking! The man who had been killed was his old friend, Sheriff Barley. It had happened on the very day that Dusty left town six months ago. And an anonymous note to the Deputy Sheriff had accused him, William Dusty Pike, of the killing. One man was dead; one man had left town. It was incontrovertible evidence!

A crackling twig was the warning. Instinctively, Dusty flopped from the chair and hit the earthen floor as a shot cracked and a singing .44 slug passed above his head.

A moment later, Ned Gunder burst in the door. "Dusty, old pard! Thundering heavens, I nearly killed you! Are you all right? I didn't hit you, did I? Saw somebody in here and thought it was a prowler. Never expected to see you!"

"I'm okay, Ned," said Dusty. "I figured you wouldn't mind if I came in and I looked at your old papers to read about the murder I'm supposed to have committed!"

"Isn't that awful!" exclaimed Ned. "I never believed you did it, old friend. But the town is mighty certain of it. If you showed your face, you'd be lynched in a minute. It's good you stopped here. If I was you I'd high-tail it away mighty fast!"

"That's good advice," said Dusty. "But I'm plumb wore out and I know you won't mind letting an old friend bunk here for the night till I get some strength back in my bones. By the way, how come you're home so early? No poker?"

"Oh, a game started all right, but some of the boys kind of hinted that I was cheatin' and I got up and cleared out. I hate trouble like that!"

"Don't blame you!" said Dusty. "Well, I'm so doggone tired I'm going to curl right up here on the floor in front of the door and get me some sleep. You ain't really harboring a murderer, Ned. You know I didn't kill the lawman."

"Of course, of course!" exclaimed Ned.

Dusty was so weary that he slept, but it

was an uneasy, fitful sleep. For he had the certain feeling about his "friend" Ned that wasn't good!

It was sunset again. Dusty and Ned had paused, high on the trail, almost in the identical spot where Dusty had viewed the glorious sight in the day before with his heart full of happiness at homecoming. "Mighty nice of you to ride this far with me on my getaway," said Dusty.

"Nothing! Nothing at all!" declared Ned. "A friend ain't a friend if he don't stick by a pard who's in trouble. But if I was you I'd light out fast. It ain't healthy for you in these parts right now!"

"I can't tear myself away from this all-fired beautiful sunset!" asserted Dusty. "Look yonder. Feast your eyes on those blazing colors! I tell you, Ned, seeing that makes a man think. It makes you realize that there's a mighty Power up yonder somewhere. I'd sure hate to have murder on my soul and go to face a Power like that!"

Ned became pale, shaking, almost hysterical. "Stop it! Stop it!" he cried. "All right. I'll confess. I killed Barley. He discovered I was using a marked deck. I had to kill him. You know what those gamblers would have done to me if it got out. And you were leaving town. It was easy to put the blame on you!"

Ned's eyes flared with a demoniac light as the full red rays of the setting sun were upon them. He continued, "I didn't think it would hurt you. I didn't think you were ever coming back. And then, last night, I saw you in my cabin. I shot at you. If I had killed you, I'd have been clear!"

He paused, and his lips twisted into a crooked smile. "And you're going to be dead right now!"

HIS six-gun blazed. Dusty smashed a hard fist against his friend's chin. They grappled on the ground for a moment, then Dusty had the upper hand.

"Plague it!" snarled Ned, groggily. "That blamed sun in my eyes made me miss."

"Yes," said Dusty. "That sunset is real magic!"

THE END

SQUEEZE PLAY SAVES THE DAY!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY!

IT'S THE LAST PRACTICE BEFORE THE BIG GAME, SO WE'LL WORK ON BUNTING

LET'S GO!

THAT'S IT, BOB! A SWEET BUNT FOR A SQUEEZE PLAY. LET'S DO IT AGAIN

GEE! THIS PLAY TAKES REAL SPEED!

YEAH, AND WE MUSTN'T FORGET TO WEAR OUR "P-F's" AFTER WHAT JIM TOLD US!

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE ALL-IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE 3 MAIN SUPPORTING BONES OF THE NORMAL FOOT IN PROPER POSITION.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION



TRADE MARK

THE BIG GAME!

WOW! THE SCORE AND TOM ON THIRD! NOW FOR THE SQUEEZE PLAY!

REMEMBER THE SESSION ON BUNTING & BOB, DO YOUR STUFF!

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

BOY! THAT SQUEEZE BUNT WINS THE GAME!

THOSE PRACTICE SESSIONS SURE PAID OFF. STEADY PRACTICE AND "P-F's" ARE MIGHTY IMPORTANT!

MY "P-F's" SURE HELPED ME GET A FAST START!

GOOD ADVICE FROM JIM WISE:

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

1. LESSEN FOOT STRAIN
2. YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER
3. GUARD AGAINST FLAT FEET
4. PROMOTE GOOD POSTURE



INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B.F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company

65

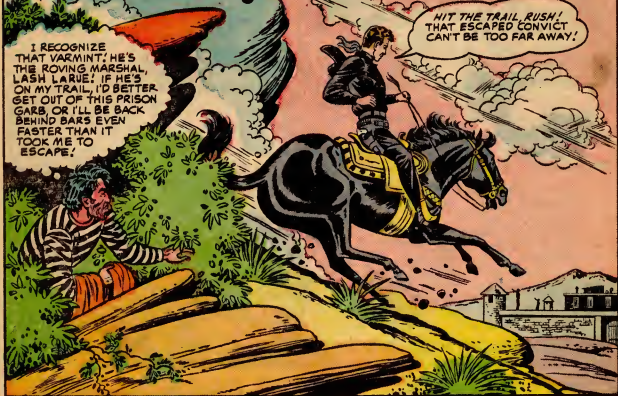
99

Lash LARUE

and THE KING of CELLMANIA!

I RECOGNIZE THAT VARMINT; HE'S THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LARUE! IF HE'S ON MY TRAIL, I'D BETTER GET OUT OF THIS PRISON GARB, OR I'LL BE BACK BEHIND BARS EVEN FASTER THAN IT TOOK ME TO ESCAPE!

HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH! THAT ESCAPED CONVICT CAN'T BE TOO FAR AWAY!



IT'S A LUCKY THING I GRABBED THIS PRISON SHOW COSTUME ON MY WAY OUT!



NOW JUST TO PLAY IT DOUBLY SURE, I'LL GET AWAY FROM HYAR THROUGH THE WOODS INSTEAD OF USING THE REGULAR TRAIL!



